read it had he known what it was—that he would write home to be relieved from his commission.

To this Fullarton said, "Do as you please."

If this brings an old house upon Picton's head, it is his own doing, and he may repent not following my advice. When he received Lord Hobart's official letter, stating his appointment, he showed it to me. I said that, were I Alexander, I would write to His Majesty that I was bred a soldier, had accepted the command of a conquered country, which I had governed *a la militawe* for five years; that I knew nothing of civil affairs, therefore was a very improper man to act a secondary part, and begged leave to resign the commission. This would satisfy his enemies, and for ever lay all quarrels to sleep, and he would have a riband or a regiment.

He acknowledged that I was right, but he had private reasons for "seeing them out," as they call it. I wish he may not say, "O, Cassandra!"

March 31st, 1803.[1]

Our tour is put off, if not entirely,

at least
for some time, as things are very serious, and

i Mr. Swinburne died on the ist of April.